

A MEETING OF ROYALTY

By SIDNEY H. COLE

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Barbara stood at the gate drinking in the mountain air, which was like a draft of wine to her. The sun, hanging just above the crest of Bald Hill, had lifted the early morning fog and set the dew covered spider webs on the grass shimmering like so many clusters of crystals. Adown the road linnets and thrushes were chirping merrily in the woods, and occasionally the breeze wafted the scent of pines to her. The woods were calling her. She would not disregard such an invitation.

She ran lightly into the house and presently reappeared with a parasol and a small red volume. Accoutered thus, she started down the road, followed by her aunt's admonition to be back



"PARDON ME, DOCTOR, BUT THEY'RE JUST GETTING HERE."

to dinner at noon and to remember not to cross the Johnsons' pasture, where rattlesnakes had been seen recently.

Barbara went briskly toward the woods with a feeling that on such a day it was indeed good to be alive. Well down the road she passed the great arched gateway of the sanitarium, and, looking up the steep driveway, she could see the buildings perched on the hill. She had not been down this road for ten years, but she suddenly remembered, with a little thrill of pity for its inmates, that the red brick building on the extreme left was the insane pavilion.

She took the little footpath which led across the lower end of the sanitarium grounds and into the pine woods. She found a place where giant pines towered many feet skyward and the ground was covered thickly with pine needles. Here she sat down and listened for a time to the tinkle of a tiny brook hard by and the sighing of the breeze through the pine tops. She had just opened the little red volume when the cracking of a twig warned her of some one's approach. She looked up. Before her, but in hand, stood a handsome, well-groomed young man, who regarded her with a steadiness of gaze decidedly disconcerting. As she looked up he bowed gravely.

"Good morning, Princess Louise," he said in a cheerful voice. "Really delightful morning, isn't it?"

Barbara's mouth curved scornfully. Then, all at once, the truth flashed upon her. This man before her was a stray inmate of the insane pavilion. Her eyes opened wide in alarm and made her doubly charming—at least so thought the young man with a keen sense of pity.

"Charming spot here," he went on easily. "Let me congratulate you on your choice."

Barbara's heart was beating wildly. The man might be dangerous, and she was at his mercy. She remembered she had heard somewhere it was best and safest to humor inmates. So, smothering a desire to scream, she faced the intruder with as much composure as she could summon.

"I should very much like to sit down here with you," he was saying. "It isn't every one, you know, who is favored with a morning interview with Henry IV."

"Oh, yes," Barbara said breathlessly. "Do sit down. I shall be very glad to have you sit down with me. Indeed, I'm awfully—awfully pleased to have you sit down."

He seated himself with a smile which in a sane person would have betokened unlimited patience.

"And what is Princess Louise doing this morning?" he asked.

"I'm—reading a book on birds, Mr. Henry IV," she said.

He glanced at her quizzically. "Do you mind if I feel your pulse, your highness?" he asked quite humbly.

"Oh, no, indeed not," she assured him, at the same time extending her wrist to him. He pulled out his watch and took her wrist lightly in his hand. Presently he dropped it and returned the watch to his pocket.

"Ah, thank you," he said as he drew a tablet from his pocket and began writing rapidly on one of the pages with a pencil. He laid the tablet aside, and as it lay on the ground near her Barbara read in the round, full hand on the page:

"Janet Tolman."

"June 14, Tucker's Grove. Eyes unusually dilated. Conversation rational. Pulse 83."

"And now, Princess Louise," the young man was saying, "I think we'd better seek the banquet hall."

He rose and slipped the tablet and pencil into his pocket.

"I'm—it's very comfortable here," she

said, and then as a forlorn hope she added, "but don't let me detain you."

"But really I insist," he said, with well-bred firmness.

Barbara dared no longer hesitate. "Henry IV," assisted her to her feet, and as she gained them he slipped her arm through his own. She felt his arm pinning hers firmly against his side and realized that opposition was useless. Together they started through the grove, and Barbara was surprised to find they took the path leading to the sanitarium. They gained the grounds and started up the hill toward the buildings, "Henry IV," meantime conversing pleasantly and Barbara answering him as best she could. She breathed more freely now, for she was sure they would soon encounter an attendant, who would relieve her of her dangerous escort.

They had nearly gained the summit of the hill when an attendant in white coat came running toward them.

"Pardon me, doctor," he said, addressing Barbara's companion, "but they've just got her."

"Who?" said the other quickly. "The Tolman woman. Found her in the laundry," said the attendant. "Here they come now," he added, pointing to two men who led a struggling woman between them.

"Good Lord!" gasped the erstwhile "Henry IV." "Who have I got, then?"

"Then—then you're not insane?" said Barbara, giggling hysterically with this sudden removal of the tension.

"I wasn't an hour ago," he said, rubbing his forehead in a bewildered fashion.

"A woman named Tolman confined here escaped, as we supposed, this morning," he explained. "You are the image of her, which accounts for my actions in the grove. She thinks she's Princess Louise and everybody else is some other celebrity. Henry IV. fell to my lot. I'm particularly interested in the case, and because I was wondering what effect the quiet of the woods would have I took your pulse and made those notes in the grove. It's a terribly absurd situation. I don't know how to apologize to you. I presume you thought me insane and tried to humor me."

"Precisely," said Barbara, and they both laughed heartily.

"At least, let me get my automobile and take you home," he said. "I presume you've had quite enough of the grove for one day."

"Thank you," said Barbara, "but it's only a step to where I am staying with my aunt, Mrs. Durgin."

"Mrs. Durgin's?" said the doctor. "Why, I spend half my evenings there."

"Oh, then you must be Dr. Dennett, my aunt's idol," said Barbara.

"A fallen idol, I fear," he returned, "when she hears of my latest escapade."

Three months later they sat one evening before the fireplace at Mrs. Durgin's.

"Really, Barbara," the doctor said, "I demand an answer."

Barbara lifted her downcast eyes and flushed becomingly.

"I suppose I should humor you, as I did once before, 'Henry IV,'" she said.

"I'm utterly uncontrollable when crossed," he laughed.

"Then," sighed Barbara, "for the sake of peace"—But at this point the sentence was interrupted.

FREAK HOUSES.

Dwellings in Which Ladders Took the Place of Stairways.

Years ago a story was told of a naval officer who wanted a house built to please his own taste in every detail. He drew the plans himself, placed them in the hands of a builder and instructed him to see that they were carried out in every detail. Then he went to sea for a year's cruise. When he returned home the house had been completed with the utmost regard for the plans and specifications left by the officer. He was taken through the first floor and expressed the utmost pleasure in everything he saw.

"Now," he said, "we will go upstairs and see the second floor."

"Come right out this way where we have a ladder," replied the builder.

The seafaring man was astonished. He had planned the house with the greatest care, but forgot to provide for a stairway.

The story of the naval officer has never had a certificate of genuineness attached to it, but an actual case in which a house has been built without a stairway is on record in Washington. It finally became the home of the late John Boyle, who was for many years chief clerk of the navy department and who died in 1874, leaving a large estate. The house in question stood on the site now occupied by a brewery below the naval observatory. It was a pretentious old mansion, located in what was a very stylish section during the days of the elder John Boyle, who came to this country in the early years of the nineteenth century. The record is not clear as to why the house was constructed without a staircase, but there is no doubt about the fact—Washington Star.

KITCHEN HELPS.

Kettles may be thoroughly cleaned by boiling potato peelings in them.

To prevent the smel of cooking from getting into the house sprinkle a little cedar sawdust on the top of the stove.

Knife cleaning will be more easily accomplished if you mix a little carbonate of soda with the bath brick on the knifeboard.

It is a help in cleaning the chopper if after the meat has been chopped a little dry bread is run through the machine to get rid of the grease and bits of meat clinging to the sides. The regular cleansing process follows.

For washing boards, kitchen tables, etc., the following mixture is excellent: Take a pound of fuller's earth, half a pound of soap and a quart of a pound of soda. Mix to a paste with boiling water. No other soap will be required when this is used.

So strong is Bank of England note paper that a single sheet will lift a weight of 100 pounds.



RUSSIANS IMPRESSING CHINESE AT MUKDEN.

Just prior to the beginning of hostilities a newspaper correspondent made a snapshot of the scene herewith illustrated, in which the Russian troops stationed there "to preserve order" are shown impressing the Chinese for service in the czar's army. It is not probable that they count upon the Chinese as fighting men, for the Chinaman is not very much of a soldier, but the orientals will be of great use in doing camp work, cooking, etc., which otherwise would have to be done by Russians taken from the ranks, so that, after all, every Chinaman gives Russia an extra soldier.



ADMIRAL SKRYDLOFF, APPOINTED TO COMMAND OF RUSSIA'S NAVAL FORCES IN THE EAST.

Admiral Skrydloff, now in command of Russia's naval forces in the east, is regarded as a remarkable sea fighter. He has been for a long time in command of the Black sea fleet and is said to regard the matter of putting the Japanese fleet out of commission as a mere bagatelle, and now that he has been given the opportunity to "make good" the Russian officials are said to have great hopes of the future. Admiral Skrydloff was selected to succeed Admiral Stark because of the latter's shortsightedness in failing to have his ships ready to repel the attack at Port Arthur, which it was generally recognized would speedily follow the severance of diplomatic relations between Russia and Japan.

A SAFE DIET RULE.

Eat the Smallest Amount of Food That Will Preserve Health.

How shall one determine how much food to eat? Too much mystery has been thrown about this subject. Let your sensations decide. It must be kept in mind that the entire function of digestion and assimilation is carried on without conscious supervision or concurrence. It should be entirely unfelt and unknown, excepting by the feeling of bien etre which accompanies and follows its normal accomplishment. Satiety is bad. It implies a sensation of fullness in the region of the stomach, and that means that too much food has been taken. The exact correspondence in a healthy animal between the appetite and the amount of food required is extraordinary. As a rule, the meal, unless eaten very slowly, should cease because the appetite is entirely satisfied, because a little time is required for the outgoing organs and tissues to feel the effects of the food that has been ingested. If too little has been taken, it is easy enough to make it up at the next meal, and the appetite will be only the better and the food more grateful.

No one was ever sorry for having voluntarily eaten too little, while millions every day repent having eaten too much. It has been said that the great lesson homeopathy taught the world was this: that wherever physicians had been in the habit of giving the patient the largest dose he could stand, they have been led to see that their purpose was better subserved by giving him the smallest dose that would produce the desired effect. And so it is with food. Instead of eating, as most people unfortunately do, as much as they can, they should eat the smallest amount that will keep them in good health.—Roger S. Tracy in Century.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

She Has Her Trials and Sorrows, but Also Her Reward.

The minister's wife exercises the statesmanship necessary to maintain a well ordered and cultured home on a small income—a home constantly under inspection by the whole parish.

A Newspaper Worth Reading.

The Pittsburgh Times is a conservative careful newspaper for particular people. Its statements of fact and comments on them are concise and correct. Its departments are in charge of experts, and its authority in all matters pertaining to the events of the world at large and of the community it represents more particularly is recognized. It has no Sunday edition, and its position in that regard in Pittsburgh is as unique as its thorough reliability in every way. Staunchly Republican in political policy it yet gives all the news of all parties. Its moral tone is high, and charwomen of every creed find in its columns more news of their interests and work than in all its contemporaries combined. Sports are given the prominence they deserve and no more. The news concerning them is bright, timely and adequate, for the work is done by a master. Theaters in The Times as in no other paper have the truth told about them and the plays they offer. No business considerations ever interfere with the publication of criticisms that really criticize in this department, too, the work is done by a master. Society and the affairs of women find careful and complete exposition on the page devoted to them. Industrial matters are accorded the prominence they merit in a Pittsburgh paper, while the stock market is given the attention that has brought the Times into the front rank of financial authorities. Above all The Times is a model not only of brevity of statement but of dignified simplicity in its typographical appearance. It offends neither the eye nor the sensibilities. Those things that are of importance are treated accordingly. Those that are unimportant are handled in keeping with their value. Each issue of The Times is a day's history of events the wide world round. Its price is one cent daily or \$3.00 a year.

Blockades and Billiards.

In new Pullman "ordinary" sleepers, wide vestibuled and with every modern convenience, in charge of competent agent from Cincinnati and Chicago via Louisville, New Orleans, Houston, San Antonio, El Paso and Los Angeles to San Francisco. Rates or berth half of cost in regular sleepers. For FREE descriptive matter and full particulars address, E. A. RICHTER, Trav. Passenger Agent, Illinois Central Railroad, 512 PARK BUILDING, PITTSBURG, PA. Jan. 29, wtf.

SPECIAL TRAINS.

B. & O. Will Run Them From Uniontown and Clarksburg, March 14.

The B. & O. has announced unofficially that it will run special trains from Clarksburg and Uniontown to Morgantown on March 14 for the big concert in which Richard Strauss and Victor Herbert are to take part. The trains will leave Morgantown midnight on their way back home. This was done without the demand of any guarantee and it shows that the road is very much interested in the event which is to be one of the biggest that has ever taken place in the state. The exact schedule of the train has not been announced.

Stock Raising for Profit.

The south is rapidly coming to the front as a stock raising country for profits. You can learn how northern stock raisers located along the Illinois Central R. R. are getting rich in this business by writing for FREE descriptive matter and particulars to E. A. RICHTER, T.P.A., Ill. Cent. R. R., 512 PARK BUILDING, PITTSBURG, PA. jan29wtf.

A Chance for Northern Farmers.

Are you tired of our cold northern winters, with their sickness and disease? Are you tired worrying over the danger of a crop failure and consequent financial ruin?

Are you tired of working hard all season without a fair financial return or your efforts?

Do you want to avoid all this, and live in a country where the air is always balmy and the climate healthy; where crop failures are unknown and financial troubles vanish; where land can be bought cheaply and taxes are almost nothing; where churches and schools are plentiful and the country thickly settled?

All of these advantages can be secured along the lines of a double tracked railroad, and with the greatest markets in the United States at your very door.

A postal or letter addressed to the undersigned will bring you FREE OF CHARGE, descriptive matter and full particulars. E. A. RICHTER, T.P.A., Ill. Cent. R. R., 512 PARK BUILDING, PITTSBURG, PA. jan29wtf.

Great sale now going on at Will Nussbaum's. Jan.14,tf.

Dr. E. B. Earper, veterinarian, will treat your sick animal. Operating a specialty. Charges reasonable. Office 211 Pike street. apr28tf

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

For sale by Stone & Mercer, C. D. Sturm & Co., and R. J. Criss.

The piano sale being conducted by C. A. House, at No. 224 Pike street, is meeting with success. There is no reason why it should not when pianos are being sold at the very low price we are asking for them. Call and see for yourself. Courteous treatment to all. Open evenings. febl14f.

LIKE A CURSE REMOVED

Awful skin disease of this woman cured in a few weeks after fifteen years' terrible affliction.

Note the ghastly despair in the photo taken before treatment.



(Case of Mrs. J. M. Daniels of Winchester, Ky.—completely cured by D. D. D. after 7 weeks' application. She had suffered fifteen years.)

See the same features—but note how different when brightened with hope and happiness, after her freedom from it all.

Reader! This is more than medicine talk. It is humanity to enlighten sufferers about this.

The most virulent skin diseases are conquered—every time—in all cases—without any exception—all cleared away in a few weeks—by the brilliantly clever new skin prescription, "D. D. D." Its work is hardly equaled by any other wonders of modern medical practice.

We guarantee this to be true

Wells & Haymaker, Druggists

Enough has been proven to me—regarding the above case and hundreds of others—to demonstrate beyond all question whatever that any of the known forms of skin disease—any eruption or breaking out—must quickly give way and disappear under the influence of this prescription (known as "D. D. D."). Cases of Eczema, Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Psoriasis, Barber's Itch, Acne, etc., some of twenty years' standing have been cleared off and permanently cured in a few weeks. In several cases from one to three years have elapsed and there has been no returning sign of the disease. Hundreds of cases cured since the preparation has been placed on sale show no sign at all of the previous affliction, and I fully believe they are permanent cures.

Wells & Haymaker, Druggists.

Have you been—or do you know anyone, who has been—in a living hell of torture with a skin disease? Despair usually seems too afflicted. Many imagine it is in the blood and too subtle to cure. Doctors have stood baffled and helpless against Eczema. Half of them think its worse forms are blood poison. Ninety-nine cases out of a hundred of manifestations on the skin are purely local—SKIN disease—not BLOOD disease. Healthy blooded people break out as often as any one, the blood has nothing to do with it in most cases. It is a parasite in the skin that spreads. This prescription is today completely clearing away—quickly too—and permanently curing every trace of such parasitic trouble and leaves the skin soft, healthy and perfect. Call on the above druggists and investigate the unquestionable proofs in their possession.

This prescription is sold in above drug store at \$1.00 for a liberal bottle, and comes under authentic label of the D. D. D. Company of Chicago, who solely compound the prescription for druggists everywhere.

Sweet Melody Flour.

M. D. Stuart is buying and selling horses at his large barns on Traders' alley in the rear of the Central Presbyterian church, where the Clarksburg Transfer was formerly located. He aims to have some horses on hand all the time. He will take a few boarders at the barn.

SWEET MELODY FLOUR

Dancing every Friday and Tuesday evening from 8 to 12 at the Elk Bridge hall. Come and enjoy the new music just received, since the last dance. Most pleasant dance hall in town. Floor unexcelled. Violin and electric player music. jan7tf



TO MAKE GOOD CLOTHING Is an art. That we have attained proficiency in every branch is proven by our continuously increasing business. If you want a

SMART TAILOR-MADE SUIT Or Overcoat made of thoroughly reliable goods, with fit and finish guaranteed let us take your measure, etc. Spring styles now ready.

J. E. FLYNN, The Tailor. 330 Pike St

VERY LOW RATES.

Account Grand Musical Festival, Morgantown, W. Va., March 14, Via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

On Monday, March 14th, a great musical festival will be held at Morgantown, W. Va., under the auspices of the West Virginia University, and for this occasion the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will sell excursion tickets from Clarksburg for special train leaving at 5.00 p.m. Returning special train will leave Morgantown at 11.30 p.m. For tickets and full information, call on ticket agents. m14.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Makes Weakness and Stomach Right For sale by Stone & Mercer, C. D. Sturm & Co., and R. J. Criss.

BALTIMORE & OHIO

RAILROAD.

West Bound. No. 1—(daily) dnb 12:53 a. m. No. 71—(daily) due 7:26 a. m.

East Bound. No. 2—(daily) due 3:54 a. m. No. 46—(daily) due 10:12 a. m.

W. VA. & PITTS. DIVISION. West Bound. No. 3—(daily ex. Sunday) Ar. 6:15 a. m.; Lv. 6:15 a. m.

East Bound. No. 4—(daily ex. Sun.) Ar. 6:45 p. m.; Lv. 7:20 p. m.

WEST VIRGINIA SHORT LINE. West Bound. No. 717—(daily ex. Sun.) Ar. 11:50 a. m.

East Bound. No. 718—(daily) Lv. 6:20 a. m. No. 720—(daily ex. Sun.) Lv. 2:30 p. m.

Trains Nos. 7 and 8 run between Clarksburg and Sutton.

D. B. MARTIN, M. P. T., Baltimore. C. W. BASSETT, G. P. A., Baltimore. C. W. ALLEN, T. P. A. Parkersburg.

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